

While McClellan Delayed Attack, Lee Brought Relief to Richmond

Southern General Terminated Menace to Confederate Capital by Taking Long Chances on Union Leader's Lack of Initiative in Actual Fighting.

THE Seven Days' Battle, as the series of engagements in front of Richmond extending from June 25 to July 1, 1862, is styled, resulted for the Confederates in the relief of Richmond. It involved a great waste of blood, and McClellan, failing to take advantage of the many opportunities offered to march into Richmond, did succeed in making a "masterly retreat." General Lee, recognizing General McClellan's slowness in assuming the initiative when it came to actual fighting, undertook movements which, had they been made in the face of generals of other temperament, would have been counted vital military errors.

The field of the Seven Days extended from a little hamlet on the Virginia Central Railroad about six miles, or the distance from the New York City Hall to lower Harlem, north of Richmond to Malvern Hill, on the north side of a bend in the James River, fourteen miles in a direct line from the Confederate capital. The width following along the successive fronts presented by McClellan's army was about seventeen miles. Across the upper edge the Chickahominy River coursed between bluffs and through thickly overgrown swamps in a general direction parallel to the James River. Short creeks, also bordered by swamps, woods and undergrowth, emptied into the Chickahominy on both the north and south sides. One of these which played a particularly important part in the Seven Days' struggle was known as White Oak. Having its source near Seven Pines, perhaps three miles south of the Chickahominy, it swung south and east in a crescent through a considerable swamp bearing the name of White Oak Swamp.

Crossing the small peninsula inclosed by this creek and the Chickahominy on the north was the Richmond and York River Railroad, having as stations within the inclosed area Fair Oaks, Savage's and Meadow. The whole territory between the Chickahominy and the James was covered with a network of highways resembling a section of a circular spider's web, main lines radiating like wheel spokes from Richmond toward different important communities. These were connected at irregular intervals by cross roads. Among the spokes were the Mechanicsville Turnpike, leading almost north; the Williamsburg Stage Road, leading east parallel to the York River Railroad; the Charles City Road, running south of the White Oak Swamp, and the Central or Darby Town Road and the Newmarket Road below the Charles City Road, which ran in the general direction of Malvern Hill and cut across a bend in the James River.

When the battle of Seven Pines, or Fair Oaks, was fought McClellan had only two of his five corps on the south side of the Chickahominy. In the course of the month which intervened between that battle and the opening of the Seven Days it was confidently expected at Washington that he would rush in upon Richmond. His telegrams from time to time declared this to be his intention. He had drawn all of his forces with the exception of Fitz John Porter's corps, which was encamped in the neighborhood of Mechanicsville, across the Chickahominy and intrenched them in a line extending across the York River Railroad and the Williamsburg Turnpike, in front of Seven Pines, from the Chickahominy to a swamp on a branch of the White Oak Creek. His supplies came in over the York River Railroad. One thing or another, however, always served to delay an attack. Either the weather was bad or the roads were in poor condition, and continuously he was worried about further reinforcements. He suffered under the impression that the enemy under General Lee, who had succeeded General Joseph E. Johnston when the latter was wounded at Fair Oaks, was double his own force.

In the mean time the Confederates were exercising an initiative which kept the Union armies in Virginia guessing. "Stonewall" Jackson, almost a fanatic religiously and imbued with a deep belief that the Supreme Being was a God of Battles indeed, acting always in his behalf and seeking through him to destroy the ungodly in the form of the Union armies, was leading every one a merry dance with his Shenandoah raid. In March, 1862, he had been ordered north into the Shenandoah Valley to keep General Banks, of the Union army, busy. He advanced rapidly and was driven off the field at Winchester. In May he began another campaign in the same fruitful valley by winning a battle against odds at McDowell. Then ensued a race up the valley between the Federal troops, under General Banks, and Jackson's force. At Winchester they met again, and this time the Federals lost.

Lincoln, fearing an attack in the direction of Washington along the Potomac, decided to use General McDowell in driving back Jackson instead of sending him to

Richmond. McClellan objected, and Lincoln sharply urged McClellan to take the opportunity to "attack Richmond or give up the job." McClellan replied calmly



CHARGE OF THE FIFTH CAVALRY AT THE BATTLE OF GAINES'S MILL, JUNE 27, 1862. This charge of General Cooke's body of cavalry was made in the face of such a withering musketry and cannon fire that it was feared horses would become uncontrollable.

"The object of the movement is probably to prevent reinforcements being sent me," and said that the time was near at hand when he should march on Richmond. Lincoln tried to entrap Jackson, but through a chain of circumstances the several armies which he set on Jackson's track seemed never to get together or to be in the right place at the right time, or to be in active co-operation. General Fremont, particularly, instead of following directions as to route, chose another considered not so good for the purpose and was dilatory in his movements. The net result was that Jackson, thoroughly familiar with the whole region, slipped out of the trap set for him and he and his sixteen thousand men were free to join Lee at Richmond. This proceeded to do.

Lee was not idle during the month that McClellan was occupied in his preparations to take Richmond. He was drawing in reinforcements from all available quarters, selecting for the purpose the cream of the Confederate forces. Jackson's seasoned troops were hurrying toward him and he was maturing his plans for attacking McClellan, as McClellan did not seem to be disposed to attack him. His available forces were ninety thousand, as compared with something over one hundred thousand in McClellan's army. He decided that a somewhat isolated corps under Porter, on the north side of the Chickahominy, offered the best opportunity. In other words, he purposed to repeat Johnston's tactics when the latter attacked the two corps at Seven Pines. McClellan had sent across the Chickahominy when he arrived before Richmond. He counted in his plans upon his plans, and the result indicated that he had not misjudged his opponent. Moreover, he had proved his theories by the ease with which J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry force of twelve hundred men had been able to ride unopposed around McClellan's army without being molested. While he engaged Porter with more than sixty thousand men, Magruder, who had been so successful in holding the Union general back at Yorktown, was to perform his renowned act of keeping up a "clatter." Magruder had the reputation of being a past master in playing the grand seigneur. He could do it in such a lordly way that he was sometimes styled "Prince John."

Magruder's capacity for putting up a "bluff" was so great that he succeeded by means of the various military ruses adaptable to such a purpose in giving the

Union corps commanders in his front the impression that they were all in danger of being attacked by heavy forces.

Preparatory to moving his troops across the Chickahominy to attack General Porter, General Lee caused the newspapers of Richmond to report the movement of large reinforcements to Jackson, "with a view to clearing out the Valley of Virginia and exposing Washington." He thought McClellan would be misled by the report. That very day—June 23—Jackson arrived in Richmond alone after a forced ride on relays of horses of fifty-two miles to complete the plans for the attack on Porter. Some of the people in the Shenandoah on June 25 were expecting Jackson to appear in their neighborhood. At that moment his troops were within twelve miles of Richmond, so cleverly had he maneuvered. McClellan, however, knew of Jackson's approach. A supposed deserter had brought the information. As the battle was to begin upon the arrival of Jackson's troops for the purpose of turning the right flank and rear of Porter's army, the selection of the date was left to Jackson. He named June 26.

The mystifying manner in which Jackson moved is illustrated by a dispatch printed in The Tribune on June 28, 1862, two days following this date. It was headed:

"FROM THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

"Jackson Not Returning—He Is Preparing to Secure the Crops—False Reports About the Rebels."

The morning of June 23 dawned bright and clear. The Confederate troops were on their way toward Mechanicsville, Porter, scenting the approach of a battle in his front, had prepared by lining his men up along the easterly edge of the valley of Beaver Dam Creek, a stream emptying into the Chickahominy on the north side. The banks of the valley were steep, and forces advancing in front, in following the windings of the road, would have to present their flanks as well as their fronts to his entrenched infantry and artillery. Moreover, the stream in the valley was wide and deep and fringed with swamps. Jackson had miscalculated the length of time it would take to reach Mechanicsville, and so the battle began in the afternoon, about 3 o'clock, before he reached his destination. It was fought with great valor on both sides. The guns of the Union forces wrought tremendous havoc. One Georgia regiment, in following the Z-shaped highway along the side of the valley, opposite the Union intrenchments, lost, in killed and wounded, 338 men, every officer being included in this number. The efforts of the remnant to reform and go in again without officers have been described by those who witnessed them as most pathetic. That day Porter lost only 29 out of 40,000

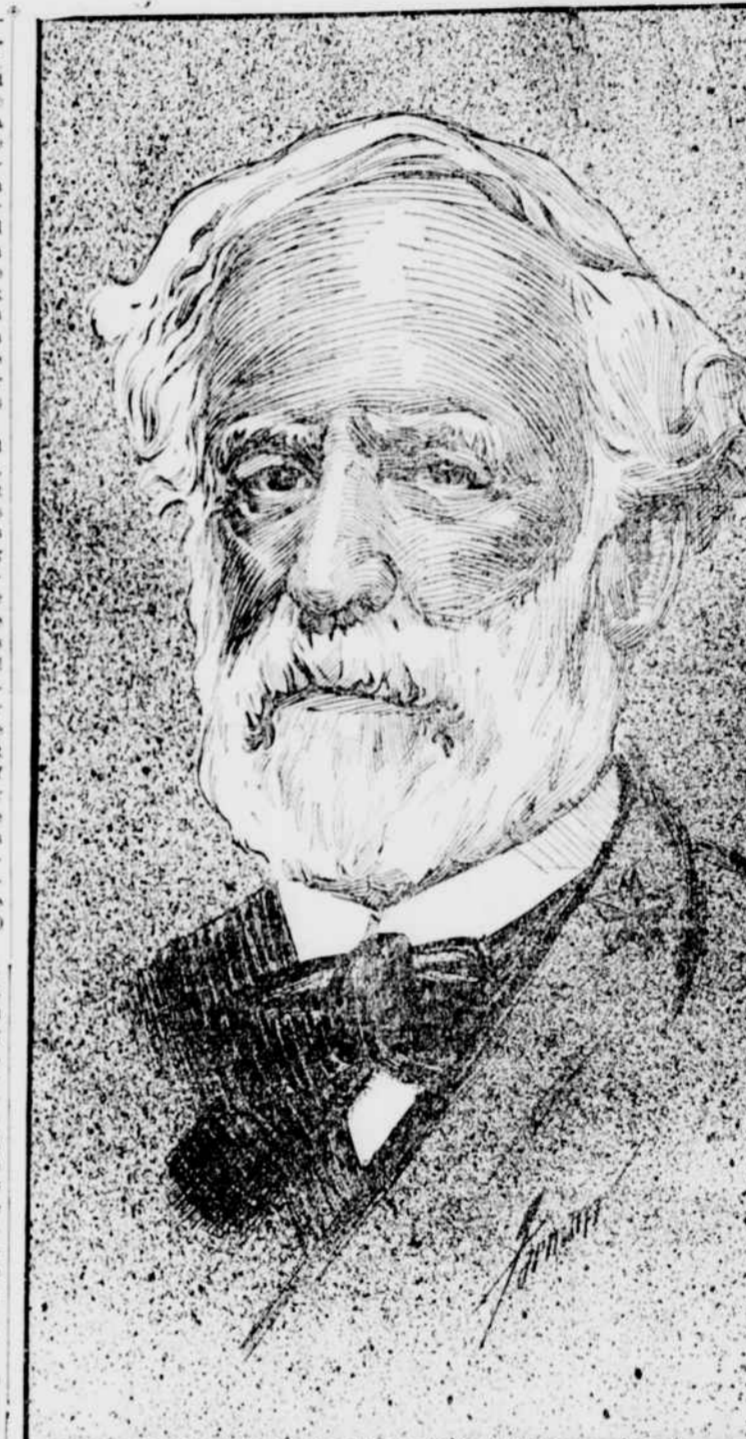
engaged, while the Confederates lost nearly 2,000 out of the 10,000 who made the attack. It was a gallant victory for Porter.

That evening General McClellan visited Porter, and the latter suggested that he could hold the Beaver Dam works with a small reinforcement. The next day, while McClellan pushed on into Richmond, McClellan did not accept the suggestion on the spot, and after returning to his headquarters early in the morning sent word to Porter to retire his troops to Boatwain Swamp, three or four miles down the Chickahominy, and there await the attack of the enemy. This was done, and such works as could be improvised were thrown up. The location, while good, was not quite so good as that at Beaver Dam. In order to occupy it properly it required a serious thinning of the line.

The Confederate army, now augmented by Jackson's corps, followed up Porter, and on June 27 occurred the bloody but magnificently fought conflict which has been denominated the battle of Gaines's Mill, near which it took place. Facing troops more than twice his own in numbers, Porter fought off with desperate courage the oncoming charges of the enemy. His appeals for reinforcements brought no response from McClellan until late in the afternoon, when Sumner's division went to his assistance. Magruder had been playing his "bluff" well, for he had created so marked an impression that the three corps commanders to the left of Porter on the south side of the river thought they were to be attacked by large bodies of troops. As a matter of fact, with the exception of nine brigades under Magruder, the whole of Lee's army, numbering more than 60,000 men, was face to face with Porter, who had not more than 20,000 men, including the reinforcements.

The fight began in the middle of the day. Porter did his best with the odds against him, and fought with a desperation born of a belief that in so doing he was enabling McClellan, on the other side of the river, to push his own forces on toward Richmond. As evening came on the entire Confederate army moved forward simultaneously. The seven hours of fighting had told on the energies of Porter's men, and the line was pierced. Two Union regiments were captured, but everywhere else the men fell back, contesting their ground. That night McClellan ordered Porter to retire across the Chickahominy, which he did, destroying the bridges behind him. On that night also he informed his corps commanders of his intention to retire to the James River.

Lee had expected McClellan to retire down the Chickahominy. The move toward the James took him somewhat by surprise. Precious time was lost in getting his troops across the Chickahominy in pursuit of McClellan, and for three days he was deprived of the services of some of his forces,



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

particularly Stuart's cavalry. McClellan was moving his corps across White Oak Swamp to the south side toward Malvern Hill and the river. The movement was not without its picturesque if costly phases, for cars loaded with ammunition and supplies at Savage's Station were blown up or tumbled into the Chickahominy River from the trestle bridge which carried the track across. While Lee was swinging back again the troops which had been marched off in another direction in anticipation of the expected move of McClellan down the Chickahominy, a part of McClellan's forces were attacked at Savage's Station on June 26 by Magruder's troops, but these were repulsed by Sumner and Franklin. Their orders were to move across White Oak Swamp to the south side immediately, but Sumner, the gallant old soldier, who had come to the rescue at Fair Oaks, could not be persuaded to leave the victorious field. About half an hour after the fight was ended Franklin suggested to Sumner, who was his superior, that if he had no objection he would

particularly Stuart's cavalry. McClellan was moving his corps across White Oak Swamp to the south side toward Malvern Hill and the river. The movement was not without its picturesque if costly phases, for cars loaded with ammunition and supplies at Savage's Station were blown up or tumbled into the Chickahominy River from the trestle bridge which carried the track across. While Lee was swinging back again the troops which had been marched off in another direction in anticipation of the expected move of McClellan down the Chickahominy, a part of McClellan's forces were attacked at Savage's Station on June 26 by Magruder's troops, but these were repulsed by Sumner and Franklin. Their orders were to move across White Oak Swamp to the south side immediately, but Sumner, the gallant old soldier, who had come to the rescue at Fair Oaks, could not be persuaded to leave the victorious field. About half an hour after the fight was ended Franklin suggested to Sumner, who was his superior, that if he had no objection he would

torious field. Why, if I had twenty thousand more men, I would crush this rebellion. General Franklin, by means of a candle for it had become dark, showed his superior a dispatch from McClellan, directing this movement. "General McClellan did not know the circumstances when he wrote that note," replied Sumner. "He did not know that we would fight a battle and gain a victory." It was only after an aide-de-camp of General Smith, who had just come from McClellan, had corroborated General Franklin that Sumner consented to go. Lee probably would have attacked in full force within a few hours. On the following day, June 30, McClellan's forces having successfully gained the south side of the swamp, occurred the fight at Frayser's Farm. This battle has been considered the most critical of the series. As a battle it was not equal in ferocity to some of the others, but more hung upon success or failure. McClellan was moving his train of thousands of wagons and needed time to get it away. A large proportion of Lee's forces converged upon

This Article in the Tribune's Civil War Series Describes the Engagements Before Richmond That Have Since Been Known as the Seven Days' Battle.

Franklin's corps, which was protecting the rear of McClellan's army. "Stonewall" Jackson had reached Savage's Station the previous day to accomplish anything, and when he reached the swamp the bridge had been destroyed in front of him. He tried to find other points of passage, but with insufficient energy to be effective. He was promptly driven back by Franklin.

Huger on the Charles City Road, one of the radiating cords in the web of highways, Jackson being on one of the cross strands, met with some obstructions which he did not seem to be able to overcome. Holmes, another of the Confederate generals, who was near the James River, did nothing, for his men were demoralized by the shells of the Union gunboats in the river. These shells were styled "lamp posts" by the Confederates. They made a tremendous, nerve-racking noise when they exploded, but did little damage. Cavalry, bolted, and the infantry took up hiding places behind tender saplings in fear and trembling. At this point General Holmes, who was deaf and had heard little of the uproar caused by a battle but in which he had been willing, and putting his hand to his right ear, remarked: "I thought I heard firing." It was left for Longstreet and General A. P. Hill to attack the Union center at Glendale on nearly even terms. Lee and Jefferson Davis were close enough to the scene of battle to be threatened by the shells which fell near them from the Union guns. It was a hotly fought contest, in which neither side won decisively.

If McClellan's forces had defeated the army of Lee at this point, Richmond would have been his. Had Lee pierced the front of the Union army an incalculable loss would have resulted. McClellan got his train off without damage. Darkness put an end to the fighting. The Prince de Joinville, one of the Frenchmen who had been serving with McClellan as honorary aide-de-camp, left the army that day in return to Europe. He said with great earnestness to General Franklin: "Advise General McClellan to centre his army at this point and fight the battle today. If he does, he will be in Richmond tomorrow." General McClellan, preoccupied in finding a defensive position on the James River, was not there to act upon the suggestion. The valor of the troops on each side was so great that each deserved a victory.

On July 1 the Union troops reached Malvern Hill, and found themselves in a position well calculated for a successful defence. It had all of the natural advantages in this respect of the Beaver Dam and the Gaines's Mill fields. There was an elevated position, covered on either side by winding ravines, streams and swamps. Although there was a wood in front in which the enemy could form its lines, there was an open intervening area across which he would have to pass in the face of the Union artillery. Lee had not yet learned from his experiences of the week that, although McClellan did not move on Richmond, it was not because of lack of valor in his troops. He believed that the Union forces must be in a demoralized condition because they were retreating before him. Although warned by at least one of his commanders, Lee determined upon an attack on Malvern Hill, and was to discover his mistake there. The desperate charges of the Confederates, covering a period from 1 o'clock to 3 o'clock, were all repulsed, with awful losses, the Confederates losing that day six thousand men.

An interesting fact regarding the battle was that neither of the commanding generals exercised any control over the struggle, each leaving it to the resources of his subordinates. Jefferson Davis was present with Lee to see the battle, but McClellan left the field in the morning. He came back for a little while in the afternoon, but went away again. The great victory was won by others. It has been suggested that had he been present throughout and had opportunity to note the quality of the fighting of his men, he would not have been so ready to move back from Malvern Hill to Harrison Landing, but would have been encouraged to the point of undertaking an aggressive attack on Richmond. The demoralization of the Confederates was so great that it is said never to have been equalled in the course of the war. It was the consensus of opinion of Lee's generals that on the following morning McClellan would take the offensive, and that the Confederate army was in no condition to meet him.

McClellan, however, having his lines of communication always in mind, and still possessed of the idea that Lee's army was greater than his own, carried out his plan of retreating to Harrison's Landing.

Lee, having learned his lesson, did not risk another fight with McClellan's troops but July 8 he returned to Richmond. In the Seven Days the total Union loss, including those captured, was 13,816, while that of the Confederates was 20,335. Besides relieving Richmond, Lee captured 3,000 prisoners, 52 pieces of artillery and 35,000 stand of arms and quantities of military stores. McClellan's armies won all the engagements except one, yet the Union commander was further from Richmond at the end than at the beginning of the campaign. In no other battle had he been present throughout himself.

H. F. S.

NOT HAIL, BUT FAREWELL.
Raggle! cheerily—Good mornin', boss. "Furmer—it wouldn't be 'Good mornin' if I offered to work."
Raggle—Right 's are, boss, den it ud be 'Good day.'—Boston Transcript.

HEARD IN MILWAUKEE.

Teacher—Now, who can tell me the uses to which forests are put?
Willie (eagerly)—Dey cut 'em up into sawdust for de saloon floors—Judge.

smithy, you know, everybody gathers from miles around and the blacksmith knows everything that is going on. It was the same way in the old days in the West. Side city shop. The horsemen used to say they came because they were sure of getting a square deal. That's a good rule. Give every man a square deal.

"No, I didn't find it necessary to come to make myself a 'good fellow.' The people of my neighborhood seemed to like me, and when they got ready they sent me to the Legislature. As you have heard, I was John A. King, then president of the Fort Dearborn National Bank, who wanted me to become a broker and got me a place."

"What was your first job as a broker's clerk?" asked The Tribune correspondent.

"I went to work for Jamieson & Co., said Mr. Townsend, and they set me to cutting the coupons off \$300,000 of gas bonds. It was the hardest work I ever did. I had to use a pair of shears. My thumb got tired and then cramped. I stopped, and one of the firm found me asleep. That was the only time I ever fell down. I clipped all those coupons, got meself a new pair of shears, and after a time sent on the Stock Exchange floor to trade. In course of time I started my own business, was successful from the beginning, took in partners, and here I am—that's all there is to it. All I've got to say to the boys is: 'Don't let anybody make you his slave; try, try again.'"

From Blacksmith's Forge to Stock Exchange Presidency

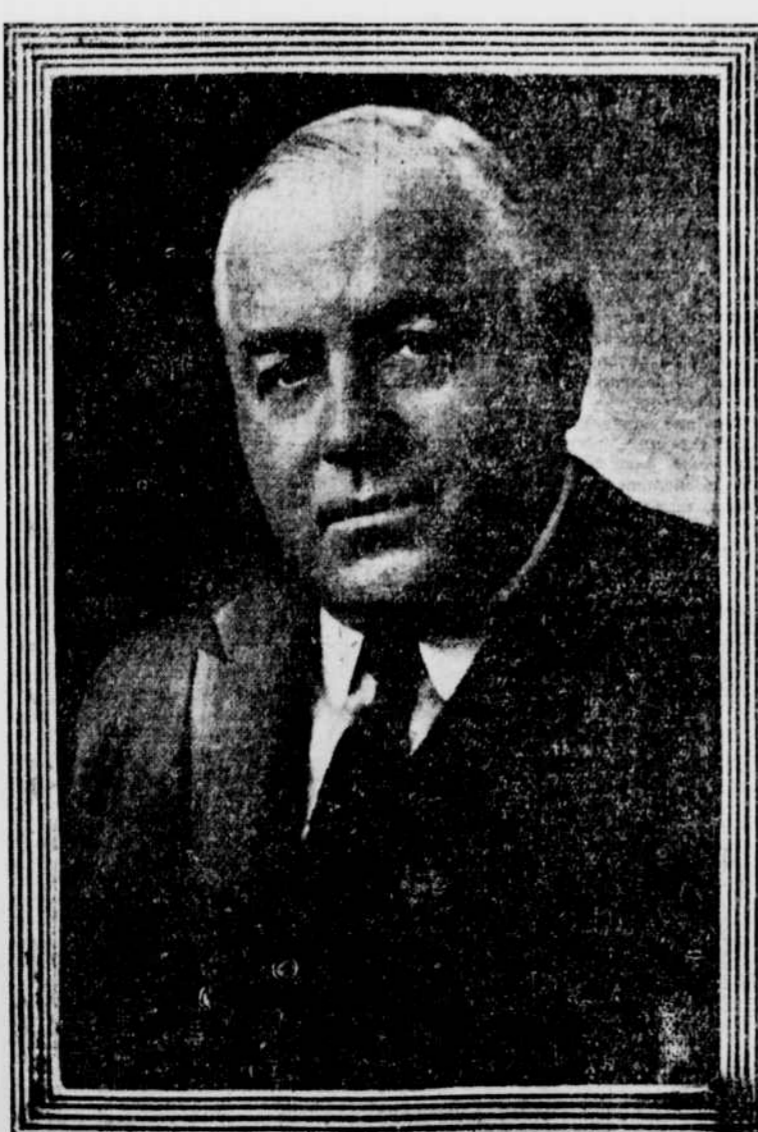
Remarkable Career of James J. Townsend, Who Won His First Job by a Fist-fight.

FROM the blacksmith's shop to the presidency of a great Stock Exchange is a leap that, to a penniless boy, appears almost as long as from the rail-splitter's job to the Presidency of the United States. Nevertheless the transition is easy of accomplishment, in the view of "Jimmy" Townsend, who laid aside his hickory shirt and jeans trousers twenty years ago to become a broker and is now the head of the Chicago Stock Exchange.

Wall Street knows this successful blacksmith-broker as James J. Townsend, member of the New York Stock Exchange and stickler for safe investments rather than negotiator of speculative deals. In Chicago almost everybody likes him because of his Quaker integrity and democratic ways and dubs him plain "Jim," or, more familiarly, "Jimmy."

When he migrated to Chicago, from the little Quaker town of Lima, Penn., a stranger among all the hundreds of thousands, with less than \$1 in his pockets, he was compelled to earn the right to toil for a livelihood by means of thrashing "the terror of the shop" in a flat "agit" with bare knuckles. Victory brought him a job at \$5 a week. Within a few years he became the boss in a blacksmith shop of his own, with net profits of \$50 a day, and was an Illinois State Senator. Arise from being president of the Chicago Stock Exchange, he is a member of the Board of Trade and a thorn in the flesh of business men who would stretch or ignore the laws for dramatic gain.

When Mr. Townsend was eighteen years old he appeared in Chicago for the first time. His father was a blacksmith, and he himself had learned the trade in his father's shop. Work in the country shop, however, was so different from that required in the city that he found it impossible to obtain employment in Chicago.



JAMES J. TOWNSEND.
President of the Chicago Stock Exchange.

As many another country boy has done, young Townsend tramped from place to place in the Western city. At each, he had applied for work and given his qual-

ifications, the boss would grant, "Humph! What can you do in a city smithy?" "I can ahead now—get out." He was down almost to his last cent, and somewhat discouraged when he walked into a West Side shop and asked H. H. Martindale for a place. At the forge stood a man 6 feet 2 inches tall, and proportionately robust, who held a pair of tongs with the grip of the giant he was.

"Can you fight?" asked Martindale of young Townsend, who, though only a boy, showed a large and powerful frame.

"I can fight for a job, sir," replied the youngster.

"If you lick that fellow over there at the forge I'll give you a job," said Martindale, who, in justice to his memory, it should be said was not serious when he made the proposal. He believed the very appearance of his strapping workman would take the heart out of the applicant for work if there was any in him. When he found young Townsend was in earnest he explained:

"That fellow is the terror of the shop. We can't keep any man at work with him because he is so ugly and pounds every one he sees fit, but he's so good a workman we can't discharge him. He got mad at a helper the other day and stuck a red-hot iron into his eye. Do you still feel that you can lick him?"

"I'll try, sir, for a job," said young Townsend, who flew at the shop's "terror" as he spoke.

The shop's owner and an ever increasing crowd of onlookers formed a circle around the horseshoeing floor and jammed the big double doors while the battle raged. After an hour and twenty minutes of fighting the "terror" took the count, and the boy stranger turned to Mr. Martindale with:

"Do I get the job?"

"You do," replied the shop's owner, then one of the best known blacksmiths in Chicago, but now gathered to his fathers.

The customary geniality was pictured on Mr. Townsend's countenance when he returned to his desk after conferring with his partner, so the newspaperman made bold to repeat this story to him and ask if it were true. The question drew a broad smile.

"I haven't told it in twenty years," he said. "When I lived in Lima boxing was my stronghold. We used to go over to 'Al' Clark's in Philadelphia every Saturday night, and I enjoyed the set-to. So I

wasn't afraid of anybody. I was big and strong, and when I had an opportunity for a job I saw I'd better grasp it. That's the way boys get along, by watching for an opportunity as they work and seizing it when it comes along. Some people say advancement is due to luck. It really comes from keeping your eyes off the clock and looking for opportunity. It took just about all I was good for, but I won that fight and never had trouble with my opponent. He was shot several years afterward in Kansas City."

"Was your pay commensurate with the cost of the job?" was asked.

"I started in at \$5 a week," replied Mr. Townsend. "Of that I paid \$4 a week for rent. I washed some of my clothes in the shop, my hickory shirt and jeans trousers; the rest I sent to the laundry. After I paid my laundry bill I didn't have much of my weekly pay left. But I soon learned the way they do things in the city and before four years were ended I was drawing \$1 a day. Mr. Martindale was a splendid employer and increased my wages as I became proficient."

"You became a shop owner and a state Senator; perhaps your experience might help some other young man to independence. How did you manage it?"

"In the first place," was the reply, "I was ambitious. I kept steadily to a resolution not to be always an employee. With that end in view I saved all the money I could."

"You became a shop owner and a state Senator; perhaps your experience might help some other young man to independence. How did you manage it?"

"In the first place," was the reply, "I was ambitious. I kept steadily to a resolution not to be always an employee. With that end in view I saved all the money I could."

"You became a shop owner and a state Senator; perhaps your experience might help some other young man to independence. How did you manage it?"

"In the first place," was the reply, "I was ambitious. I kept steadily to a resolution not to be always an employee. With that end in view I saved all the money I could."

"You became a shop owner and a state Senator; perhaps your experience might help some other young man to independence. How did you manage it?"

"In the first place," was the reply, "I was ambitious. I kept steadily to a resolution not to be always an employee. With that end in view I saved all the money I could."

"You became a shop owner and a state Senator; perhaps your experience might help some other young man to independence. How did you manage it?"

"In the first place," was the reply, "I was ambitious. I kept steadily to a resolution not to be always an employee. With that end in view I saved all the money I could."

"You became a shop owner and a state Senator; perhaps your experience might help some other young man to independence. How did you manage it?"